

Good Morning 456

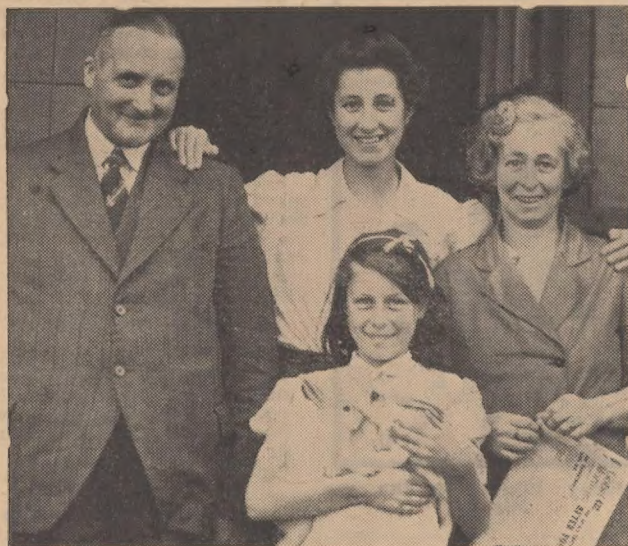
The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

**Tel. Ernest Gallagher
here's your Surprise**

THIS should be a welcome picture for you, Telegraphist Ernest Gallagher. It's nine months since you have seen Mum and Dad and the sisters, so we were told, and nine months since they have seen you, of course.

So "Good Morning" went along with the camera to 29 Rosemead Avenue, Pensby, near Birkenhead, and although we were not successful in finding everyone at home, we did pretty well, including the latest arrivals to the Gallagher family, Snowy and Peter, the rabbits. Desmond, the nipper of the family, was one of the "not present." He was on a day trip to New Brighton, spending his pennies on the "roundabouts."

We also missed your 18½-year-old brother, John, by just 24 hours. The day before he had left for Inverness to join the Army.



Home Town News

FINE old soldier of Monmouthshire is ex-Colour Sergt. Charles Talmadge, of Castle Street, Caerleon. He recently celebrated his 86th birthday. His family has a unique soldiering record.

An old Hussar, he was transferred to the South Wales Borderers. He married the daughter of the late Sergt.-Major Webster (of the gallant 24th Regt.).

She, like her mother, was born "in the regiment," at Brecon. Sergt.-Major Webster's only son, Lieut. D. Webster, was killed with the S.W.B.s in the last war.

Mr. Talmadge's only son, Capt. Douglas Talmadge, is at present serving with the regiment. Between them they have a record of 100 years.

ART SHY.

THE Council for the Encouragement of Music and Arts was, appropriately enough, born in Wales. Its prime mover was noted Dr. Tom Jones, and its leader in music the late Sir Walford Davies (Master of the King's Musick).

Yet it is only now that a National Office for Wales of C.E.M.A. has been opened in

Cardiff. There are big hopes that it will be the forerunner of something big when income tax falls from 10s. in the £.

Professor B. Ivor Evans gave a hint when he said, "Why did Wales not ask for the funds for a symphony orchestra, a Welsh professional theatre, or support for a National School of Painting?" Amateur art was useful as a social activity, he said, but the practice of the arts was the greatest gift given by God to man.

INSPIRATION.

IT is not only music that Wales has inspired. Did you know that Pembrokehire—whose red-petticoated women once showed those garments to the world on the cliffs (and made invading Frenchmen, who thought they were soldiers, beat a hasty retreat)—produced the man who designed the Dreadnought?

He was Mr. John Harper, who has just died at Gloucester. Son of a local Methodist preacher, he was born at Pembroke Dock in 1863, and served at the Admiralty from 1887 to 1923. He was formerly Assistant Director of Naval Construction.

W. H. Millier and his pals at "The Jolly Roger"

PRIZE FIGHTERS PLAYED SOFT

MANY scraps of unrecorded history in sporting events may be gathered by those who are fortunate enough to be able to listen-in to the cronies who forgather of an evening at the "Jolly Roger."

Nat Wilson is soaked in ring history, and it requires very little by way of reminder to open the flood-gates of memory for him. He had been asked whether he considered the old-time knuckle-fighter possessed more stamina than the present-day boxer with his much shorter contest.

NAT gave it as his opinion that the supposed toughness and extraordinary stamina of the old prize-fighters was inclined to be over-rated.

"The idea that they must have possessed more stamina is probably due to seeing in the records fights that lasted 90 rounds, whereas to-day 15 rounds is the limit. What you have to bear in mind is that under the old Prize Ring rules a round could be of only a few seconds' duration. You see, the fighters themselves decided how long a round should be. Wrestling was included, and directly one of the contestants was thrown the round ended.

"At this rate a fight could go twenty rounds and yet, maybe, not occupy as many minutes of actual fighting. You can take it from me that to box a number of three-minute rounds at the fast pace of boxing in my time calls for plenty of stamina, and a boxer must be perfectly fit if he is going to last ten rounds."

"But surely," suggested Bernard, "some of the rounds in the old knuckle-fighting days must have lasted for five minutes or more?"

"They probably did," answered Nat, "but there wouldn't be many rounds of that sort. Then again, you must remember that wrestling does not call for quite as much expended energy as fist-fighting. Even to-day you will see a couple of fellows clinching until the referee makes them break.

"They only clinch because one of them, or perhaps both, happen to be tired. My idea is that if some of those old-timers could be brought back and made to fight three-minute rounds at top speed you would find that they could not stand the pace for long. Of course, it is only an opinion, and cannot be proved either way, but I know that the speed of boxing increased considerably in my day."

"Well, for my part," said the guv'nor, "I don't consider we lost anything when we said good-bye to the old Prize Ring. I have seen many bare-knuckle fights in odd corners of the world, but, except for one or two notable scraps, I have rarely seen anything to equal a good glove-contest between two well-matched boxers of the first flight, and for skill give me light-weights in preference to any heavy-weights."

"What about some of those private affairs?" asked Bernard. "You have seen some good fights that were never reported in the newspapers."

"Yes, that's true. Why, in the best fight, as a fight pure and simple, I ever saw, I did not know the men's names at the time."

"I haven't heard you mention that one," said Nat. "If it is new to me, I would certainly like to hear about it."

"So you shall. You know the place where it was held right enough. Many a good fight has been held there. It was in a dingy crib underneath the railway arches off the Old Kent Road."

"Oh, I know that place of old," said Nat. "It was made famous by old Bob Habbijam,

the old fighter with the biggest ears ever seen on a human head.

"They used to say that his ears flapped like sails when he was fighting, and they must have looked weird, but his fighting days were before I was born."

"Well," said the guv'nor, "one of the boys, who knew how well I liked to be present when there was a private fight going on, tipped me the wink to be present at the arches at four o'clock that afternoon. When I arrived it was as much as I could do to squeeze myself in to find standing room."

"It was all supposed to be very secret, and by the time I arrived there was a crowd big enough to fill a fair-sized hall. And what a crowd! It was made up of three-quarters of the Stock Exchange."

"The private fight was genuine enough, but it was not very private. What had happened was that the usual Smart Alecs had seen their way to cash in on it. One of the stock-brokers I knew told me that he and all his pals had paid a couple of quid apiece to see a private knuckle-fight. Whether the fighters were given any of the money or not I never knew, but I doubt if they were given a shilling of it."

"There was too much of that sort of thing," said Nat, "exploiting the poor fighter. It has always been done, and, so it seems, will always be the case."

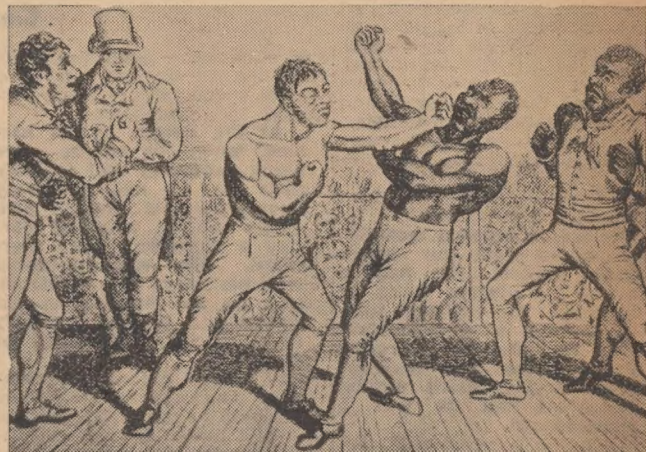
"They were Billingsgate Market porters," went on the guv'nor, "and had had a quarrel over some trivial thing, when their pals suggested a fight to a finish in the arena under the arches. One was an Irishman, the other a Jew. A good combination for a good scrap, and so it turned out. They were a couple of strong-looking fellows, pretty well matched physically, and both as fit as if they had been in training. The very nature of their work kept them fit."

"Up at four o'clock in the morning, walk to work, because there was no conveyance at that time in the morning, and then humping great crates of fish and carrying them on their heads for hours at a stretch. That was the sort of work to keep anyone in the pink of condition."

"Very true," interposed Nat. "You have only to say they were Billingsgate porters for me to realise that they were a couple of tough 'uns who could fight."

"Fight! My hat! These fellows fought as if their very lives depended on the result. I liked the look of the Irishman at the start, and it was pretty obvious that he was the favourite. He was a fine-looking fellow with his fresh complexion and bright blue eyes; certainly more good to look upon than the swarthy Jew, but it was soon evident that the Yid had a better knowledge of the game."

"This Jew was a cunning fighter, and he was clever at dodging most of the fierce swipes that were meant to knock him right out of the Old Kent Road. He was also pretty slick with his wrest-



ling tricks, and, strong as the Irishman was, he was thrown down time and again.

"The rounds were short and sharp, because the Jew was pretty skilful at throwing his adversary. But, my word, that Irishman was game. It gave me a bit of a headache when his head hit the floor with such resounding bangs, but he was always up like an unspillable bottle and refused to stay down."

"Couldn't he keep his man away with straight punches?" asked Nat.

"The Jew was so clever at ducking," said the guv'nor, "and the cunning Ike had a trick of coming up with his head under the Irishman's jaw after he had missed. Of course, it was all-in, nothing barred, so he used all the dirty tricks he knew, and there were few he didn't know."

"But the Irishman kept plugging away, and every now and again scored with a hefty right, though he couldn't get his man on a vulnerable spot, mainly because the Jew was so shift in defence."

"Just when the fight had reached a really interesting stage there was a loud knocking on the door, and everyone held his breath, thinking the police had got wind of the affair and were raiding the place."

"After the seconds had hastily pushed boxing gloves on the men's hands and wiped their faces, somebody opened the door, and in walked a well-known Stock Exchange man, breathlessly apologising for being late. We breathed again and settled down to enjoy the resumed fight. Off came the gloves, and they were at it hammer and tongs with renewed energy."

"After this the Jew became cocky and began to make his opponent look cheap. It was amazing to me to see that Irishman taking so much punishment and still trying to wipe his rival off the earth. He just refused to stay down, and continued fighting a losing battle with amazing energy and doggedness. Oh, he was dead game!"

"They must have been fighting for over an hour—and several of the rounds occupied seven and eight minutes, as I timed them—when the Jew landed a smashing right which broke the Irishman's nose. This only made him more determined than ever, but his skill couldn't match the Jew's."

"Just when I thought he would have to give in, because both eyes were almost closed, the Irishman, almost out on his feet, made a blind rush at his man and with a wild swipe caught the Jew in the belly with every ounce of strength left in him."

"Down went the Jew with his face twisted in agony. His seconds shouted to him to get

up, but he only shook his head. They told him he had won hands down, but he refused even to be lifted on his feet. They were all shouting at once, but the Jew kept down, and meant staying down. Although the Irishman could scarcely see out of his closed eyes, he stood over his man and shouted to him to get up, calling him all sorts of a coward."

"Why, wasn't he satisfied to win?" asked Nat.

"No. He wanted to go on and give the Jew something of what he had received himself. Just imagine it. Here was a man who had taken enough punishment to have killed the ordinary mortals, just refusing to accept his opponent's surrender. It sounds fantastic, I know, but he actually appealed to us to make the Jew get up and fight."

"He was so annoyed that he was positively crying in his

Thoughts...

Wherever waves can roll
... winds can blow.
Charles Churchill
(1731-1764).

My valour is certainly
going. It is sneaking off!
I feel it oozing out, as it
were, at the palms of my
hands.

Sheridan's "Rivals."

True patriots all; for, be it
understood,
We left our country for our
country's good.
Geo. Barrington
(1755—).

anger. He said, between his gashed and swollen lips, 'You haven't seen me fight yet, gentlemen. I could have killed him if only he had got on his feet.' That was about the choicest remark I have ever heard in such circumstances. We hadn't seen him fight! Phew! We should all have suffered damaged hearts with over-excitement if we had seen any more."

"That proves that in the fight to a finish the game 'un always wins," said Nat.

**Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1**

Ring up the Curtain on Mr. Wagner

This is Peter Davis' version of the Private Life of a great Musical Genius

THERE is a final chord of music and a thunder of applause; another Wagner concert has ended—or perhaps the curtain has been rung down upon yet another Wagner opera.

The name of Richard Wagner is still worshipped by music-lovers. Yet, a hundred years ago, he was living on borrowed money, dressed in a suit which his wife had begged from the tailor. While he wrote, she slaved at the wash-tubs. They had been forced to pawn everything they possessed, and then to sell the pawn-tickets.

And though he subsequently gained world fame, Wagner never repaid his wife for her slavery and sacrifices. Instead he deserted her.

He was a musical monster. He would talk for hours about himself. He had a mania for always being in the right. He believed himself to be a Shakespeare, Plato and Beethoven rolled into one. But even Wagner-lovers to-day admit among themselves that he was a conceited cad.

He was so talented that, before he was twenty-one, he won a highly responsible post as chorus-master in the little State Theatre of Wurzburg.

And not many weeks had passed before the shady side of his Jekyll-and-Hyde nature caused him to carry on two disreputable love affairs, which scandalised the good Wurzburgers and nearly cost him his job.

Even when he fell truly in love with pretty Minna Planer, the woman he married, he made himself despicable.

Because she held him delicately at bay, he deliberately made himself so drunk that he could hardly stand, and then at midnight kicked up a rumpus outside her door.

His infuriated knocking threatened to rouse the town. Poor, panic-stricken Minna felt she could do nothing but admit him. As soon as he had one foot over the step, he pushed past her coarsely. An undersized little man, he could yet grapple with a woman.

After that night they were lovers, and Wagner was so ungallant that he recorded her plight for all posterity; but some twenty months still passed before he married her.

By then he was so deeply in debt that a summons was nailed on his door every day, and yet still so unchivalrous that, after seven months of marriage, luckless Minna ran home to her mother.

She returned only because

she must have been the most forgiving of women, and she was to spend twenty years forgiving his infidelities.

At the height of his success, when his operas were being produced and lavishly paid for, he met a lovely twenty-year-old English girl, Jessie Laussot, who had married a Bordeaux wine merchant. She was infatuated with his status as a musician, and, as an instance of his character, Wagner swiftly tried to take advantage of her.

His liking for anyone was always measured only by their usefulness to him. The instant a friend failed him, even if it was only by refusing a dinner invitation, Wagner flew into a rage and sought a quarrel. At the end of his life, as a result, he had only one friend whom he had known in middle age.

In his youth Wagner pestered the composer, Meyerbeer, for aid, which was gladly given. Five years later Wagner was blackguarding his benefactor in an anonymous pamphlet!

Foolish Jessie Laussot went the way of the others. With his utmost wiles he tried to persuade the madly devoted girl to settle a large annual pension upon him.

He behaved like a cheap seaside adventurer, and, with more money than she knew what to do with, the adoring girl might easily have become his victim.

Fortunately, her husband discovered the plot in the nick of time. It seemed that Wagner could not possibly have made things worse than they were. Yet he did so. He wrote to his friends, casting the blame on the woman!

A young silk merchant, named Wesendonck, generously paid for a costly Wagnerian holiday in Italy. Afterwards he bought a lovely villa in

Switzerland for the Wagners, and let it to them at a nominal rental, intended only to acquit the composer of the light charge of accepting charity.

Wagner's method of repaying this kindness was to stage a love affair with Wesendonck's beautiful wife, Mathilde.

Meantime, his operas were being produced in Vienna, Paris, Munich, and many other capitals of Europe, and in every city Wagner staged a heartless love affair. He was as extravagant with money as with love.

So highly strung that it was agony for him to wear anything next his skin coarser than silk, he had the walls and ceiling of his study lined with pink silk, and upholstered the floor with the richest Oriental carpets.

He wore trousers of satin, and his entire outfits were always in colours to match. He rarely paid the tradesmen who furnished these luxuries.

Wagner wrote begging letters by the score, but there is no record that he ever repaid money to anyone who did not have a legal claim upon it in black and white. Thoroughly heartless and selfish, he could deny himself nothing.

One friend gave him £1,200 to pay the most pressing of his debts in one city. A year later the same friend had to give him £3,500 to enable him to live in another city without being thrown into a debtor's jail.

A single performance of one of his operas had but to be in prospect, and Wagner ran up bills for ten times the prospective amount of remuneration.

But perhaps Wagner's worst side was shown after his separation from Minna. He did not wait for a divorce.

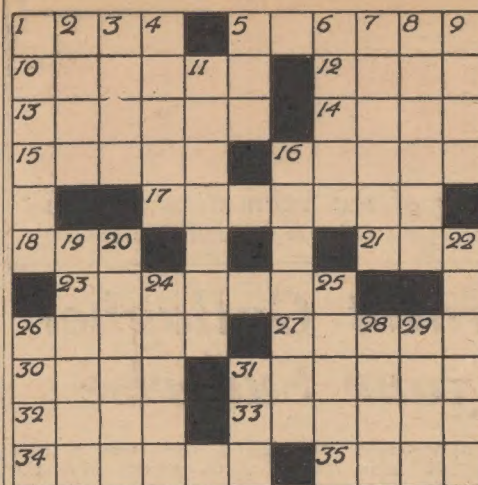
While Minna was dying in wretched poverty, Wagner ran away with the wife of his most devoted friend. Cosima von Bulow had entertained Wagner at countless house-parties. It took very little for Wagner to trick her husband.

One day, in Berlin, Wagner and Cosima went for a drive. "We gazed silently into each other's eyes," wrote Wagner, "with tears and sobs we sealed our vow to belong to each other alone."

It is to Herr von Bulow's lasting honour that, when Cosima at last fled with Wagner, he tried to conceal the composer's sin for the sake of his public reputation.

"If it had been anyone but Wagner," he said to a confidante, "I would have shot him!"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Cross-threads.
- 5 Miscranted.
- 10 Opposed.
- 12 Additional.
- 13 Limited.
- 14 Smear.
- 15 Tree.
- 16 Cold.
- 17 Separates.
- 18 Enervate.
- 21 Moisture.
- 23 Ennui.
- 26 Silk fabric.
- 27 Extensive.
- 30 Sugar-coated.
- 31 Not fixed.
- 32 Spoke.
- 33 Serviceable.
- 34 Consist.
- 35 Sediment.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Thin biscuits.
- 2 Bad.
- 3 Provide.
- 4 Attempted.
- 5 Small.
- 6 Fix firmly.
- 7 Rang slowly.
- 8 Voyage.
- 9 Number of cattle.
- 11 Tried hard.
- 16 Dancers.
- 19 Counting device.
- 20 Strong.
- 22 Curves.
- 24 Water-shed.
- 25 Girl's name.
- 26 Parent.
- 28 Numerous.
- 29 Stick.
- 31 Silent.

GROUP LOGIC
LOB OODUR L
ADEPT STAVE
S SUAVE DEA
SVELTE CENT
I LORRY A
POMS GENTLE
ALE CELIA L
WATCH ACUTE
L ROAST NAG
SWIFT ENTRY

To-day's Brains Trust

IS it true that pearls are petrifications of parasites inside the oyster, and if so, what peculiar property does the oyster possess which enables it to make such beautiful stones out of such unpromising material?

This is the question discussed by a Biologist, a West End Jeweller, a Conchologist and a Fisherman.

Conchologist: "Well, the study of shells is my subject, but I am afraid I can tell you very little more than that most shellfish have the power to deposit shell-material round foreign bodies which get lodged inside them."

"In the case of the pearl-oyster, it so happens that the inside lining of the shell is the iridescent substance known as 'mother-of-pearl,' or 'nacre,' and any foreign body which gets coated with it is a pearl."

"I don't think it is necessary for the foreign body to be a parasite as long as it causes some sort of irritation."

Biologist: "That, of course, is quite right, though it so happens that a minute parasitic worm is a very common cause of the formation of pearls. Grains of sand will sometimes

do the trick, but the pearls in that case are often joined to the inside of the shell."

Jeweller: "Yes, and as a matter of fact most pearls are so joined, and are quite useless as stones. Occasionally we get one joined by a slender stem or

thread of nacre, and this can be broken off to yield a tear-shaped pearl, but the really valuable pearls, completely detached and spherical, are rare."

"The parasitic worm is Nature's method, but the Japanese have long cultivated pearls by deliberately inserting foreign bodies like particles of sand, embedding them in the tissues of the animal so that they will remain free of the shell."

"One branch of the trade actually inserts little statues of Buddha in the living oysters, and they come out some months later duly coated with nacre."

Fisherman: "I suppose I was asked to join this Brains Trust because I was once engaged in the pearl fisheries in the Persian Gulf, but what most interests me is the number of shell-fish, apart from the oyster, in which you can find pearls."

"I've often found brilliant little blue pearls in the common mussel round the English coast, and you can get brown ones in the Cornish 'pinna,' or wedge-shell."

"Then there's the common ark-shell, with its violet pearls, also to be found in England. The tropical strombus and chank shells both bear pink pearls, and the curious hammer-shell has bronze ones."

Biologist: "The blue pearl of the mussel is quite definitely due to a parasite spread by the wild duck, and those who would seek them should hunt in the Fen country, or the Broads, where wild duck are plentiful."

Jeweller: "The property of producing first-quality pearls is certainly not peculiar to the oyster."

"The fresh-water mussel, common in all our British rivers and ponds, has been known to yield very valuable stones, and we once had our own native pearl-fisheries in the rivers of Scotland."

"In the 1850's, about £12,000 worth of British fresh-water pearls were being obtained annually, and Welsh pearls from Conway have been used in the crowns of the English kings."

Conchologist: "I think it ought to be pointed out that the so-called fresh-water mussel is quite a different creature from the ordinary mussel producing the blue pearls. They are not related, though both yield stones."

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.

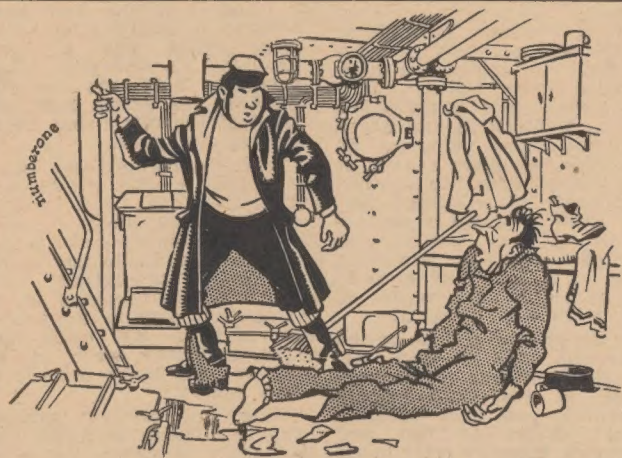
Edmund Burke
(1729-1797).

QUIZ for today

1. Roque is a sweetmeat, disease of wheat, kind of croquet, dress material, legal term for swindle?
2. How many fruits can you name beginning with P?
3. What is meant by "making the bridge" in billiards?
4. What Strait marks the entrance to the Red Sea at Aden?
5. What American ace strip-teaser also writes murder mysteries?
6. All the following are real words except one. Which is it? Pargonic, Paregoric, Paragoric, Parentic, Paragenic.

Answers to Quiz in No. 455

1. Drink made from raisins.
2. Billiards, Bagatelle, Snooker, Volunteer, Pool, Pyramids, Shell Out, Russian Pool, Declaration, French Billiards, etc.
3. John.
4. (a) Fossil sea-urchins, (b) Fossil ammonites, (c) Fossil gryphaea shells.
5. Strait of Bonifacio
6. Paradine



JANE



"You feelin' sick, Willie?"

STAND-AT-EASE!

NOW, GIRLS, I WANT TWO COUNTER ASSISTANTS FOR E.F.I.-TO GO OVERSEAS WITH OUR NEXT NAAFI PARTY!-IT WON'T BE A PICNIC!-VOLUNTEERS TAKE THREE PACES FORWARD!

At Sergeant Tate's words, all the girls step smartly forward—with the exception of Jane and Dinah!

What are they? 3065, 56R3, 136Y, 3152.

4. Find the two hidden salad ingredients in: Mend my shoe—this brad is hurting me, as I told Tom at our office.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 394

1. THINKER.
2. Rain before seven, fine before eleven.
3. Rose, Violet, Verbena, Gardenia.
4. Ore-gon, Ut-a-h.

WANGLING WORDS—395

1. Put primitive in INTR and get an invader.
2. Rearrange the following letters and get four countries: KURYET, ADATNIL, BOLO-CAIM, KREMAND.
3. In the following four kinds of soil the same number stands for the same letter throughout.

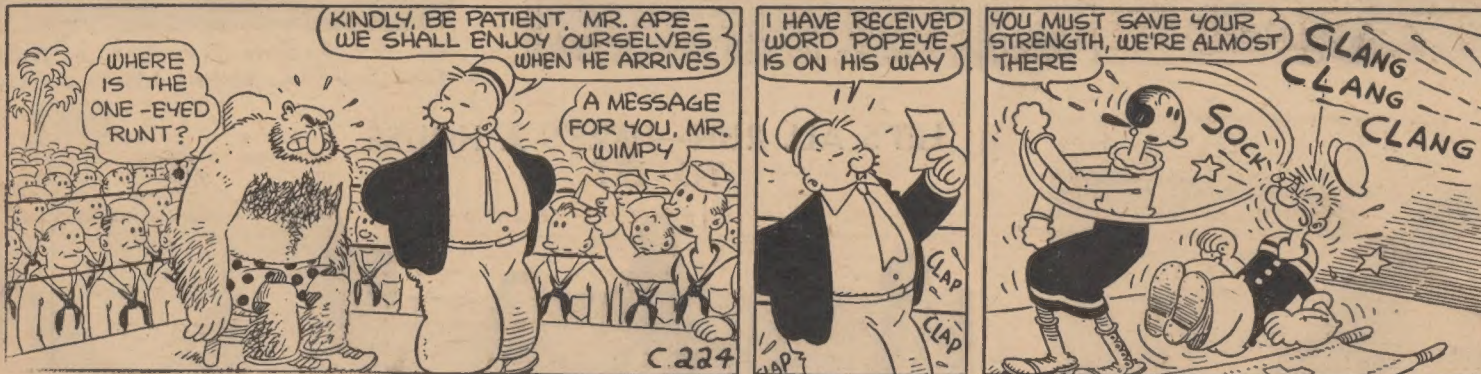
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By ODO DREW

NOW that several months have elapsed since the actual occurrences, I am permitted to relate the story of certain happenings which caused some stir in official Naval circles. Incidentally, the whole affair was a tribute to the great popularity of "Good Morning."

Rumours have been floating round for some time past, and it is felt that only good can be done by publishing the real facts. For security reasons, neither the name of the submarine nor of those concerned can be given. But I expect most of you have a pretty good idea.

The story began when this particular submarine found that copies of "Good Morning" were not arriving regularly; and there was trouble when there was a sudden stop in supplies—unluckily, just in the middle of an exciting yarn by — and just before Jane might reasonably be expected to appear in the absolutely altogether. Feeling was so high on board that it was felt some drastic steps must be taken.

Rightly or wrongly—we are not in a position to judge—the decision was come to that if "Good Morning" did not come to them, they must go to "Good Morning."

And so, one dark night, the submarine slipped away from the Eastern Mediterranean and headed hell for leather for home.

The first we heard about the business was when we received a wireless message asking us to send a representative along to meet H.M.S. — in the Thames, just off Charing Cross Station. I went down at once, after borrowing a telescope from our racing correspondent and a pair of sea-boots from one of the office cleaners. But there was no sign of the ship. However, as it was blowing strongly from the north and still more strongly from the eastward, I knew where to pick her up, and, as expected, found her wallowing in a heavy ground swell just off the Wandsworth Gas Company's wharf.

Going on board, I was soon in possession of the facts, and, in reply to a priority message, the office promised that all copies of "Good Morning" that were required should be delivered as soon as the office van came back from fetching the staff from their luncheon places.

So, borrowing a pilot from the Wandsworth people, we proceeded downstream and moored below the terrace of the House of Commons. Most of the lads could do with a spot of shore-leave, I felt, so I arranged with some M.P. pals to hold an official inspection aboard. This, I knew, would keep police boats and other nosey-parkers away.

As soon as a score of politicians were safely on board, we all went off up towards the Trafalgar Square end of Whitehall, where we visited the Silver Cross, Finch's and Henneky's, all of which, as every sailor knows, are next door to one another.

In the latter we nearly ran into serious trouble when a bloke from the Admiralty greeted our No. 1 with, "I thought you were at Alex., old boy." With great presence of mind I knocked this Commander bloke's gin over, and in the ensuing consternation, confusion and uproar we escaped to the Clarence, which is only a few yards off in the Westminster direction.

Some time after three we strolled back to the ship, and found that copies of the paper were already on board, so the C.O. said perhaps they had better be getting back to the Mediterranean in case they were missed.

It was then discovered that some of the M.P.s had been mucking about with some levers and we couldn't get things started. However, a bloke I know in a garage nearby very kindly came along, and before long discovered the trouble—a couple of cylinder heads blown and a few fuel tanks, too.

The navigator said they had better check compasses and plot their position before they started; but when he found that we were lying some 25 miles north-west of Potter's Bar, it was agreed that something else was wrong. Everybody, being now in a hurry to get away, got down on their hands and knees, and it was then found that somebody had been monkeying round with a twozzle-bar and had not only strained the grumple connection, but had broken the two palley-foople nuts.

However, eventually she got away, and, I believe, apart from the two M.P.s discovered whilst crossing the Bay, hidden behind the two big palms in the C.E.R.A.'s library, there was no untoward incident on the voyage out.

At Alex., though, there was a shemozzle. As bad luck would have it, they had been missed, and the Admiral was frightfully annoyed. All the more so because, as he said, they might have told him they were going and then he would have known, wouldn't he?

Then suddenly the next day he decided to forget the whole matter.

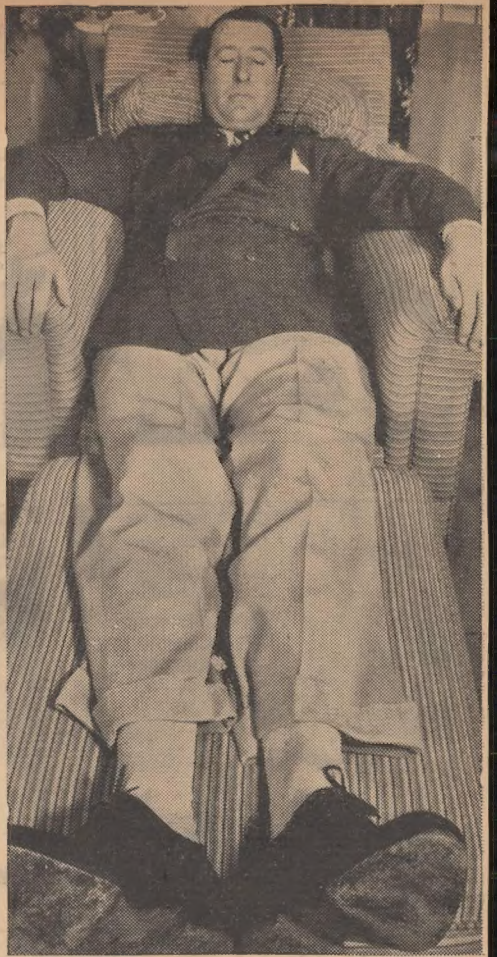
The reason? Well, believe it or not, his supply of "Good Mornings" had also come to a sudden stop, and that, incredible as it may seem, right in the middle of the same exciting story, and so on. He was so delighted to get his back copies and some particularly nifty "Janes" that he congratulated the Lieut.-Commander on his initiative, and told him that, as a young officer, he was just the same.

Good Morning



This England

High water in the Pool of London. River barges hoist their sails and get under way after release from the docks.



6ft. 4in. Arthur Treacher, of 20th Century-Fox, shows his tootsies.



Paramount's star, Constance Moore, yodels fit to yell to-day. Favourite ditty: "Deep in the Heart of Texas," from where she hails.

LET'S ALL RUN—HERE'S A HOUSE TO LET



Were these school kids thrilled when a house suddenly jumped up in their playground at Jarrow-on-Tyne! The house was built by the lads of the shipyards.



"I Got My Wings!" A young thrush on an apple bough.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"It makes me homesick"

